

## POETRY

### PAUL BLOOM

dust and roots,  
the sounds of logging;  
purple lizard  
    and iridescent flash  
    of steller's jay:  
second tier valley  
    below treeline.

my home is a glacial meadow.  
there is no ceiling.  
the lights go on and off  
with the clouds.  
    there is no agenda.  
    a blinding hot sun  
    bounces off canyon walls  
    and the world a bach cantata  
        with the mysterious red lake  
        in its center.  
when the wind builds up  
clouds cover the sun  
    and the meadow turns gray  
the vista emits terror,  
becomes kettle drums  
that signal some unknown event—  
the meadow itself unchanged;  
    the symphony changed  
    not so much by wind and clouds  
as the unseen filters of mind.

### ALAN DAVIES

A morning begins to elicit  
some blue from the sky  
people walk from the dreams  
that fled  
my bed.

All night the sky hungers for a few herons  
and the trees crack and stumble in the wind.  
Some brute with four feet has knocked the  
bird-feeders down.

Cumbersome night's quilt blanket  
doesn't let day end  
as I dream of you —  
again and again.

Two drops of water  
one clear one  
just hued with pink.  
Ocean —  
bear me out.

You seem suddenly  
to be thunderingly wondering  
where you are —  
everything is so cadenced  
and pure, on a day like this.